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The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

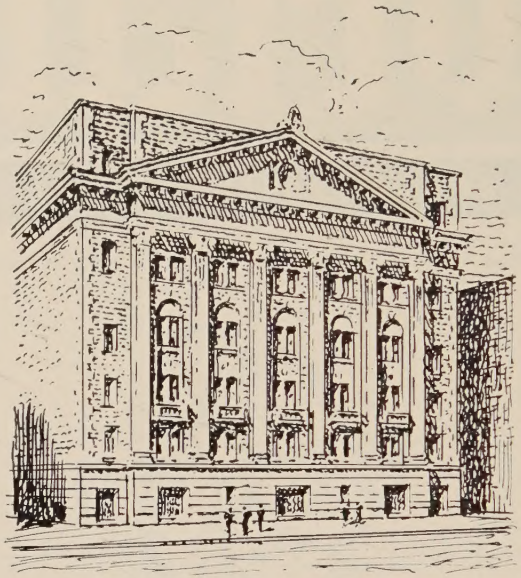
From "Meet The Morning"

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I'll meet the morning with a smile
And let a little sunshine in,
I'll look ahead another mile,
Whatever yesterday has been.
Ahead are all the hills of hope,
Re-lighted by another day.
Wherever highest is the slope,
There heaven throws her brightest ray.

* * *

I'll meet the morning with a will,
A finer faith, a firmer tread,
I'll leave behind the thoughts of ill
And think the thoughts of good instead.
Again ahead I see the goal
I may have missed a little while.
I'll lift my eyes and lift my soul
And meet the morning with a smile.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIII **May, 1946** *Number 2*

The Peoples Church of Chicago

Lawrence at Sheridan

34th Year

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—
11 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—
9:30 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES—
Closing service April 28th
Services resumed November 3rd

✦ ✦ ✦

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—
November to Easter

✦ ✦ ✦

Dr. Bradley on the Air

Every Sunday—11 a.m.—WJJD—Morning Service

Every Sunday—6 p.m.—WGN—"Your Right to Say It"
with Dr. Preston Bradley as Moderator

Every Weekday, Monday through Friday—6 p.m.—WGN

Every Wednesday a Book Review—Every Friday a Question Box

"LIFE, I SALUTE YOU!"

11 O'CLOCK EASTER SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

I AM sure I speak for all of my colleagues of the ministry, Roman Catholic, Christian and Protestant, throughout the entire Christian world when I say that probably there is no occasion in the life of any minister in which he has a deeper desire and a greater purpose to say something which will be vital and constructive and helpful and creative than when he rises in his pulpit on Easter day. This is the one day in the entire calendar of the Church when every priest and minister who has the responsibility of speaking and preaching has a deep desire to do his best. It is the one occasion that draws out from our hearts latent, and sometimes inarticulate, truths. I suppose that one of the reasons for it is that one sees no empty seats. Where *are* some of you people all the rest of the year? I am here every Sunday, I have not been away all year, I have not missed, I am here every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock and every Sunday night at seven-thirty —*where* are some of you? And so I suppose one of the reasons why there is that inspiration for one who has to speak on Easter day is because there are no vacant seats anywhere, just people, people. And there is no greater theme that can ever command the attention of the minister than the one we have on our hearts this morning, and I just keep breathing silently a little prayer, "O God, help me to say something that will help somebody else." That's the only kind of preaching I care about and the only kind I have ever done.

Easter is frequently used by some as an opportunity for an argument, and they immediately begin to analyze and argue over the physical and materialistic aspects of the Easter story, and they always come out at the same place: where they went in. To me, Easter is not an argument at all, *EASTER IS AN AFFIRMATION* and not an argument. *EASTER IS AN ANNOUNCEMENT* and not an argument. *EASTER IS A DEMONSTRATION* and not a theory. *EASTER IS AN AFFIRMATION AND NOT A SPECULATION!* Why do I believe in Easter? There are a million reasons in my heart this morning. I can only give you a few, but every single impulse and imperative of my inner soul speaks to me in this moment of the reality of Easter. Not the Easter merely coronated in creeds and dogmas and theories and arguments—that Easter is very impotent and a very helpless Easter, but the Easter that is in my soul and in your hearts, I am sure, this morning is an Easter that is predicated upon three things.

The first is your awareness and mine that the most valuable thing in all this cosmos is the human personality. That we are people, that we are alive, and that our personalities, the human personality, your personality, mine, are the most valuable things in the cosmos, and every instinct I have revolts against the probability that anything as sacred and beautiful as the personality is an imprisoned thing for fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety years of life, that all the opportunity which I have is within the confines of a little time-space consciousness, and when that is finished I am finished, everything is finished, that God is dead, Jesus is dead, dreams are dead, hope is dead, music is dead, love is dead, beau-

ty is dead. . . . How revolting such a philosophy! Easter means to me the permanency, the perpetuity, and the projection of the value and beauty of life. That's what Easter means to me. Just like these flowers that bedeck our pulpit today. Why, if you had strolled into a garden or a florist's shop, and the gardener or florist working there had held in his hands some little lily bulbs or seeds you would have looked at those little, dried, ugly brown things and would have said, "Those seeds are dead." Every appearance would have said they were dead, there was not one manifestation of life in the seed, but the heart of the seed knew that it was not dead, for in the heart of the seed was the beauty of that lily and the exquisite color of yonder rose. The little seed said, "Give me moisture, give me light, give me love, let loving hands care for me, let them plant me and water me and give me light and warmth and I will demonstrate to you whether I am dead or not! I will show you that I am alive, that I have beauty in my heart, grandeur in my soul, and I will reveal continuing life." You gave your love and you gave your care, you gave it warmth and light, and an Easter lily smiles its gratitude to your hearts.

What does that lily say? A botanist out of the congregation this morning could come here and he could analyze that lily and could say that the color is off, its petals are off in measurement and the stamens and pistil are imperfect, and by all the standards of perfection that lily is filled with defects. Of course, he could say that, but while he is saying that the lily will speak back to the botanist and the scientist, "I know that my coloring is not the right hue and perhaps the measurements here and there would deny my being a prize lily in a great floral show, but look here, Mr. Botanist and Mr. Scientist, I am the best that I could be with the environment and the heredity at my disposal." That is what the flower would say, for every flower is a superlative flower, every flower is the best flower that it can be with the environment and limitations of heredity which surrounded it. It keeps saying: "I will be the finest flower, the best flower, the most perfect and loveliest flower, I will do my very best." That is what the flowers say, and that's Easter, for life is not determined in its value by merely coming out of a grave, by merely surviving death, that is not enough. Easter is only taking life in its continuity and imperishability and making that life significant and worth while!

There is no Easter in our hearts as long as we are merely proud that we live; just being alive is not enough. *WE MUST BE ALIVE FOR SOMETHING; WE MUST BE ALIVE FOR SOMEONE; WE MUST BE ALIVE FOR SOME CIVILIZATION, FOR SOME NATION, FOR SOME IDEAL, FOR SOME DREAM!* Just thinking that you are immortal and that you have immortal life is not enough! You do have it, but that is not its greatness. Its greatness is in what you propose to do with it! An immortality that is not utilized to enrich and beautify the earth and the hearts of our fellowmen is unworthy the name of immortality. That is why it is not enough to fill our churches with ceremonies, with flowers, with the pageantry and beauty of Easter, it is not enough when we bedeck ourselves in royal raiment, it is not enough to be glad to be alive and that it is Easter day; that is not the fulfillment of Easter. The fulfillment of Easter is the very personal answer, asked introspectively, "What am I doing with my life?" That you have life none can doubt; that you are immortal none can deny, but *WHAT IS LIFE FOR?*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH IT? Do you translate Easter into action, or is it the calm acceptance of a universal fact and means nothing to your life? No! You live! *THE HUMAN PERSONALITY IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WHOLE EVOLVING PROCESS OF LIFE!* The fact of Easter belongs to the association of great ideas, and the idea of the worthwhileness of personality is one of those ideas. And another great idea associated with the fact of Easter, I believe, is that we live in a changing world and the only thing that does not change in the world that I know of is change itself, everything else is changeable. We are never two minutes alike, never two hours alike; there is not a person in the Church this morning who is the same person now that he was when he came into the Church. Every tick of the watch, every second of timelessness of continual life does something to us. We are a part of everything that touches the aura of our inmost selves, and that is why when trouble, sickness, disaster comes and we are overtaken by despair, and illness comes and life hurls its javelins at us and tries to find our hearts, we have a fortification against that, and we can say, "Now I have fortified myself for just such a moment!" This has been the hardest and most difficult week of my life and a heartbreak night, and facing the responsibilities and the tragedies of all that may come in the business of living —how do you think we can stand life if we do not make life purposeful and feel that when we do our best and all we can do, that then we have built a citadel that is stronger and more powerful than disease, or tears, or failure, or sorrow, or suffering. That's Easter!

That's the triumph of Easter, that no experience in this world of change, nothing that can happen to our lives, though our fondest dreams may crash about us and our dearest hopes go glimmering by, and though sorrow and tragedy might gnaw at our hearts, continuing, transforming, evolving life says to each one of you: "Hold on! Don't despair! Don't give up! Don't be afraid! Don't run away! Don't you know that all will be well? Your life will come out all right!" The change and the vicissitudes that come to life are only a part of life's disciplining. Every Sunday morning for years and years in the beauty of our Litany I have read those words, "To the chastening of our souls, to the deepening of our hearts" . . . that's what Easter means: Victory, Power to meet Life, continuing Life! There is no defeat for that! What sophistry and how imbecilic it was for anybody to get an idea that they could ever defeat permanently the incarnation of God! Why do people cultivate the madness and insanity that you can kill life? Where do people get the idea that they can make a cross big enough and nails strong enough so that when they even bent them up after driving them into the flesh, they could not hold his hands from raising in benediction and love. Where did they get an idea that you could put a sword sufficiently far into the side of this man to find his heart, that the nearest way to his heart was by a sword? Why all this travesty and tragedy that you could kill life, and the Lord of Life? Why, Easter says that you cannot, *YOU CANNOT KILL LIFE, YOU CANNOT DESTROY LIFE, AND BECAUSE HE LIVETH WE SHALL ALSO LIVE,* for that's the way we are constituted, that's the part of the universe of which we are the life-giving part! There is no sense to the universe without continuing life! If all the values end at the tomb, then it would have been better had we never been born. If

there is no progressive evolution of the consciousness of the soul of man until it amalgamates and assimilates with the Oversoul of all, and in this space-time consciousness, of which I am now a part, I must live these fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty years of life in the boundaries of life's conflicts with its tears, disillusionments and sorrows until my soul cries out in its despair, "O my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Then it would be better had I not been born, but you have to go through that experience to get the full spiritual culture of life. If you miss that, you miss the full deepening of life, the full awareness of life!

Now, on this Easter morning let me say it, will you? Let me say it although I may say it with probably far too much emphasis, an emphasis that I wish at times I could better control, but O, the imperative is there! I see life, I live amongst it, I see it everywhere, and so do you, I see it with its full range, its heartaches, its tears, its disillusionments, its deep, deep sorrows —I see it in its pain and in its anguish. What a hollow mockery it would all be if that was the explanation. If Plato were dead, and Christ were dead, and my mother were dead . . . what a meaningless world if at the end of the trail all we ever find is the black specter of hooded death with its throat gurgling the laughter of the doomed! *NO! EASTER SAYS: "IT IS NOT TRUE!"* Easter says: *"THEY LIVE!"*

Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, St. Francis of Assisi, the great artists, the poets, the musicians, the despised and the rejected of men, no one is ever defeated who has contributed to beauty! No one can ever die who has added rapture to human lives! No one can ever perish who has made heavy moments lighter for human souls! We are not victims; Christ lives, Christ is the personalization of all goodness, all truth, all beauty, and those things are imperishable! They live! You cannot kill life, and beauty, and goodness! So let the black storms of materialism roll across the sky, let the lightning dart and let its flashes illuminate our hearts, weep tears, stand wringing yur hands at life, do it all, but in the background of it know this: *THAT THE OTHER WORD FOR EASTER IS VICTORY, AND THE GREATEST FACT IN ALL THE UNIVERSE IS THE FACT THAT THUNDERS IN EARTH'S GREATEST SETTING: THERE IS NO DEATH!* That's Easter.

MEDITATION

(DR. BRADLEY'S PRAYER AT THE 11 O'CLOCK EASTER SERVICE)

ALWAYS a part of our service, and a very beautiful part I think, just as our Litany represents for us the very climax of our worship, is the silent prayer, a part not influenced by the words of another but just the deepest longing of each heart silently expressed, and so I am going to invite you to enter with me into silence for a few moments in this great congregation this morning. Another hall in this building is filled to overflowing and many turned away unable to get in at all, together with millions listening on the air, and if all of us could unite our hearts in a prayer, a prayer of dedication, of consecration, the mighty impact of all of our hearts and minds as a unit in the presence of God, would be felt everywhere.

And so, whatever your individual problem is, or your burden, or your appreciation, or your gratitude, let us each in our own way breathe a prayer to the Divine in the silence . . .

Infinite Life and Light, our lips are unable to frame the petitions of our hearts. We are so grateful that after all of the darkness and the gloom, the tragedy and sorrow of the week, that nothing could stop Easter morning; that no matter what burdens we might be bearing and no matter what sorrow might be in our hearts, there is the strength of life, and this day means LIFE; that there is no power in all the cosmos that is sufficiently powerful to stop the law of life. We live, and because we live we shall live, and as life goes on it will become all the more beautiful and all the finer if it reflects the beauty of Thy life. So, our minds would be turned toward Thee, our hearts would be in tune with thine eternal Heart; Thou art the Lord of Life, and when sorrow and trouble and disappointment and failure come our way Thy hand is never withheld from us, Thy strength is at our avail, we can turn to Thee and in the turning receive the strength and power of life. Help us now to use this life which we possess and which we commemorate this day, with all its gaiety and loveliness and beauty and all of its renewal and its enthusiasm and its happiness, help us to use this life, not misuse it, not abuse it; we have it now, it is here, let us use it, use it to the fulfillment of Thy purpose for us, and use it for the fulfillment of Thy purpose for the world.

So we would dedicate and consecrate ourselves on this Easter morning to the life which is beyond life, and the life beyond that, the continuing, evolving life toward God, for nothing that happens on this earth, or to Thy people, can ever prevent the operation of that law. That is Easter to our hearts and we are glad. Without it we would be helpless, we would not know which way to turn or what to do. With it we are strong, with it we can live, reflecting Thy power and Thy beauty.

We could not close our meditation without thinking of all who are ill, all who are in hospitals, all who cannot be a part here today but who planned and wanted to be here and who are here in spirit; all who are ill, let Thy tender hand rest upon their fevered brows, and just as pain and blindness and broken hearts could not withstand the pressure of Thy hand in the long ago, so may the pressure of Thy hand upon fevered brows and broken hearts be felt with the same strength that was felt so long ago.

And all those who are in trouble and worried, take life and touch it with a new impulse; to every discouraged heart now breathe strength, "All will be well, all will be well." God and Life and the Master Teacher cannot be defeated or deflected by anything that man can do. Claim for yourselves that to which you are entitled, it belongs to you: the light of life and love—EASTER! And the other word for Easter is VICTORY! May we realize the Victory when it seems like defeat, for then it is EASTER.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

WHENEVER I have been on an ocean voyage, as soon as possible I explore every part of the ship, and on the larger ships there is a place which few people ever visit or see, and that is the print shop. As a lad I learned to set type in the printing office of a country weekly newspaper, and when one once gets the smell of printer's ink, forever after it has an allurement which cannot be overcome. I remember coming home on the "Letitia," of the old Anchor-Donaldson Line once from Glasgow to Montreal, and the first morning out I noticed printed menu cards at the table and immediately planned to visit the print shop. In a way that was an epoch making visit for me, for the print shop was located on the boat deck aft of the bridge, and when I went in and introduced myself by telling the printer in charge that I was a printer, we exchanged a few pleasantries and then he said to me, "Do you know anything about Esperanto?" Well, I didn't know anything about Esperanto. I had heard of it of course, but I knew nothing whatever about it. It developed that this ship's printer was an ardent student of Esperanto. He showed me letters from all over the world from correspondents who corresponded with him in Esperanto, letters which he never could have read had they been written in the native language of the writer. He was printing some Esperanto pamphlets on the ship and was devoted wholeheartedly to the spreading of the cause of that language. We talked about little else during the voyage and he inspired me with a desire to know more of Esperanto and, if possible, to acquire the language. A busy life has prevented my doing what I fully intended to do.

In those days the reasons for acquiring a medium through which there could be inter-communication were not as many as they are today. Now a renewal of interest in the subject is spreading everywhere, and leaders in all nations of the world are beginning to recognize the necessity of every child learning the language of his country, of course, but also a language which should be the same all over the world. Many millions of thinking people are now aware of the pressing need for an auxiliary language to serve in world-wide dealings with many new-found global neighbors. Speech and custom

are the results of the natural physical barriers which have existed down through the centuries. Mountain ranges that could not be scaled, oceans that could not be crossed, rivers, valleys, all these through the centuries have created the different languages and different customs, but as soon as the physical barriers and limitations were removed and men started to know each other, and became familiar with each other, they found it impossible to speak to each other and thereby met one of the barriers to understanding. Now all is different. World-wide broadcasts, conferences which citizens from every part of the globe attend, interchange of trade and industry, all these have to surmount the difficulty of language. In great world conferences such as the United Nations require, no matter how effective and brilliant a translator might be, something is lost and the mood itself may be changed and the spirit might not reflect the real feeling of the speaker;—something is lost and an opportunity for misunderstanding and misrepresentation arises.

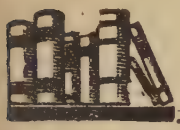
No one would be naive enough to think that you could create one great world language; that is not the idea at all, but the idea is, an auxiliary language. Necessarily Esperanto has no cultural or literary background. It doesn't mean to have, but it, or some other, perhaps better language, can be an international means of direct communication. No national language now in existence would ever be accepted and obviously the international language, to be acceptable to all must be a neutral tongue, not the property and badge of any one nation: not an ancient language encrusted with centuries of needless complexities, hatreds and strife. History shows that whenever civilization has been in urgent need, somehow the supply was always at hand. It may be so in this matter.

During the past 50 years Esperanto has won the enthusiastic approval of thousands of the best minds in every civilized land, among the learned as well as the untutored. In the occupied countries Esperanto bulletins and journals, printed and circulated right under the watchful eyes of the Nazis informed and guided the underground bands composed of various nationals. Chess clubs and literary societies served secretly as class rooms for teaching them Esperanto, and now in the towns and cities of all those nations, clubs and classes flourish. This may be interesting to you: that in Brazil the newspapers run Esperanto news summaries; radio stations broadcast Esperanto programs and the foreign visitor can speak with policemen, shopkeepers, waiters and taxi drivers in Esperanto. Clubs and classes abound throughout South America, with heavy enrollments of business and professional men and University students. We pride ourselves on being the best-informed nation on earth, yet scarcely one adult American in ten knows what the word Esperanto signifies. And now Esperanto clubs and classes can be found from Seattle and Portland to Miami and Tampa, and the University of Tampa and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor provide excellent Esperanto courses. And think of this, to show you how the auxiliary language idea is growing, Esperanto will be the official auxiliary language used during the Boy Scouts International Powwow which will be held in Europe next year. It is being taught in public schools and business colleges in Europe.

The man who originated the Esperanto language started it with the ultimate purpose of creating a world peace. An educated person can learn to read and write it after only a few hours study of the few simple rules of its streamlined grammar, and linguists say

it can be mastered in one-tenth the time required to get an equal grip on any other language. The numerous complexities which make any alien language difficult to master do not exist in Esperanto. A small basic vocabulary includes words whose roots are common to the greatest number of languages. Everyone recognizes in them a large percentage of familiar words. The spelling is strictly phonetic. Each letter has but one sound. All words are pronounced exactly as they are spelled. Sounds that are difficult for some tongues to pronounce are eliminated. From these facts it is easy to understand why Esperanto has become firmly rooted as a living world language and may be of great help in creating good will among nations now ill-informed, distrustful and hostile to each other. Perhaps you would like to know more about Esperanto. If you would, and will drop me a post card, I will tell you where you can get all the information for the study of this world language.

P. B.



BOOK CHATS

THOSE who attend our regular Wednesday evening book lectures at the Peoples Church will of course remember the pleasant evening we spent talking about Mr. Saul D. Alinsky's latest book, "Reveille For Radicals," at which time the author was present, sharing the platform with me. He not only told of his experience in writing the book, but also answered many questions from the interested and alert audience that evening. The book was published by the University of Chicago Press. Once in awhile a book is published which sweeps the reading public off its feet, and "Reveille For Radicals" is such a book. I read it on the day of its publication and was certain that it was a book of such a character that this entire nation would be talking about it in a matter of weeks. Few non-fiction books have ever been published which were taken up immediately by all of the book reviewers of the country, the literary supplements of Sunday newspapers and the weekly literary magazines.

Rarely does a non-fiction book receive the recognition which has come to this book. You may recall that soon after it was published I reviewed on my nightly radio program a book called "The Road to Serfdom." That book had a comparable experience and it must be said of the University of Chicago Press that it is practicing fair play in the matter of presenting all sides and various points of view. "The Road to Serfdom" was accepted by more conservative people as being an unanswerable argument and as making out a good case for that position. Now comes along "Reveille For Radicals" and this, too, has swept the country and has aroused unprecedented controversy and unusual interest. The great advantage of all this is that it results in people who may be undecided or uncertain as to what their attitude should be on some of these social, economic and industrial problems being able to get a comprehensive over-all picture of the entire scene. That is why every radical and liberal in the country should have studied and read carefully "The Road to Serfdom" and every conservative should read "Re-

veille For Radicals." It is always indicative of honest opinion when those who hold an opinion give evidence that their opinion is the result of thorough and careful study of all sides and all points of view. One cannot defend his own opinion unless this basic understanding of all opinions has entered into his decision. I know people who wouldn't read a line or a paragraph of a book that had the word "radicals" in the title, and I know radicals who wouldn't read anything that was stamped as "conservative or reactionary." To me, this is an entirely wrong attitude, and indicates a closed mind, and if there is anything our minds ought not to be in this hour, it is, closed. Every door should be open and we should seek all available information and thought, in order to all the more adequately build solidarity for our own position.

I looked up the word "radical" in the unabridged 20th Century Dictionary this afternoon and found that it comes from the Latin "radix," which means root, and the first definition given is "pertaining to the root or original, fundamental." Radix as a root word is a simple, underived, uncompounded word, and the example given in the dictionary for radical as it is used in this book and in our common conversation in politics is, one who advocates a radical reform or extreme measures in reformation, while radicalism is defined as the doctrine or principle of making radical reform in government or in social conditions by overturning and changing the existing state of things. Accepting this as a basis, the author of our book tonight qualifies unreservedly as a radical, and the book is undeniably a radical book. That is exactly what the author intended, and if we can think of a radical or radicalism in terms of elementalism and not in terms of mere violations or demagoguery, this book is an important document and one which no one ought to neglect.

It is unfortunate that some words have been so loosely used, without any attention whatever to the principle of semantics that they have come to have for many people objectionable and irritating features. One of those words is the word "radical." Many people think of radicals as people who are out to demolish and destroy, disrupt, disorganize, create confusion and chaos, and consequently have a pronounced aversion to the word and to the people who could be designated as "radicals."

Mr. Alinsky, in "Reveille For Radicals," goes to the root of what he considers to be the causes for all of this economic and industrial unrest and, in the vernacular, he pulls no punches. One of the most interesting reviews of the book, a review which for its own radicalism I have not seen surpassed, is a review by the Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil. Bishop Sheil says this is not a book for the complacent. "It is definitely not for those Protestants, Catholics, Jews and Negroes, nor other minority groups, whose members cannot cast out the motes from their own eyes. Numerous members of the groups listed will squirm beneath the merciless but just lashing the author metes out, as he develops what bids fair to become a historic American character; that great American, Mr. But." The issues that Mr. Alinsky examines have all been stated before: the relationship of capital and labor in a capitalistic economy; racial discrimination; sectionalism; sectarianism; isolationism, local and national; social, political and economic injustice; the fears, frustrations and insecurity of men, both on a spiritual and material plane. What is a new and exciting concept is his effort to point the way toward a "consistency of conscience" in a sphere in which

conflict and dissension are inevitable; and his emphasis upon the absolute necessity of a program from and for the people; a program consonant with the dignity and destiny of man.

Even the so-called Liberals will not like this book and may join some of the ultra-conservatives in their attack upon it. Liberals, says Mr. Alinsky, like people with their heads; Radicals like people with both their heads and their hearts; and another striking sentence is, "Liberals protest, Radicals rebel." Liberals, he says, dream dreams; Radicals build the world of man's dreams. The work which Mr. Alinsky has done in Chicago in the Back of the Yards Council, as well as his position of authority as a criminologist, entitles him to the consideration of Liberals, Radicals and Conservatives in a challenging book which people will discuss and argue over for many days to come.

* * *

Of an entirely different nature is a book by Donald Dunham, a former Vice-Consul in Berlin, Hong-Kong, Athens and Aden. Mr. Dunham calls his book "Envoy *Un*extraordinary," and in stating his purpose in writing it he tells us: "I have tried to emphasize the importance of human factors in our relations with foreign countries, and to point out the dominant part played by national character and by individual personalities. I wrote it because most people know little or nothing about the Foreign Service and because they think of it as something as mysterious as the Foreign Legion. I felt there were things which should be said from the ranks of the Service, which have never been said for public consumption. The story line, such as it is, follows my particular experiences as a Vice Consul."

We have had many Memoirs written by the "big names" among the Ambassadors, Ministers, Plenipotentiary, and Envoys Extraordinary, but this is the first book to come from an "envoy *un*-extraordinary"—a vice-consul in America's far-flung and largely anonymous Foreign Service. Donald Dunham, the author of "Envoy Unextraordinary", spent eight years in the Foreign Service, stationed at Berlin, Hongkong, Athens and Aden, and he tells us that on returning from his last post, he felt himself a stranger in his own country, and regretfully resigned in order to become a citizen again. This of course left him free to write about the Service, both critically and favorably, which makes the book all the more valuable to the reader.

Our author draws a sharp line of distinction between the Department of State and the Foreign Service, and he criticises the former. The Foreign Service is America's "first line of defense," and in this book which was written in 1944 and published in that year, the author felt the officers of the Foreign Service had not been placed by the State Department in strategic positions of authority where they might implement our Foreign Policy. These career men, a thousand-odd in number (and perhaps that number will surprise you), augmented by another thousand in the wartime auxiliary service, know the national characters, prides and aspirations of the peoples of the globe. And they know that "people are the stuff of diplomacy." They are America to thousands of men and women abroad. Now that the war is over, the Foreign Service will have to be greatly expanded in numbers and raised in importance. Thousands more of young men and young women will be needed to match the widened responsibilities of the United States and to take their places as "opposite numbers" to the justly famous British Foreign Service, and of the rapidly growing diplomatic

corps of the Soviet Republics. Here is a tip to many a young man or woman who has returned or will return from the outposts of the world and must look to a future career. Many of these will have had opportunities to make contacts abroad, some of which may be valuable assets in this special department of our government. I cannot recommend too highly the reading of this book by our young people at this particular time.

Mr. Dunham's story is told simply, directly, with much humor (which always makes for pleasurable and easy reading) and it is largely in the form of anecdotes from his diary of varied experiences in these four far-separated areas. It should especially appeal to those who enjoy meeting human beings different from themselves, as well as to all who would like to learn about the unpublicized Foreign Service. It is a small book, which always appeals to me—only 166 pages, but there are many chapters, no chapter seems to have more than three or four pages in it, and some have only one. This, too, being rather unusual in a book makes it interesting from the point of view of its set-up. For this reason we have many headings, with sub-heads appended, and the titles of some might give you a clue to the content. The book opens with *AN OLD GLORY*—Our Position in World Affairs—*MOBILIZED FOR PEACE — GLITTER, GLAMOUR AND GIGOLO,* Social Diplomacy Debunked—*NOT LOVE, BUT UNDERSTANDING,* German and Prussian Character—*CROWN COLONY,* British Colonials and the Chinese—*BRITISH MEN,* British Character—*BUT AMERICAN WOMEN,* American Colony Abroad—and this one is suggestive, *POLICEMAN, PROTECTOR AND PASTOR,* The American Consul —*TRADING IS MUTUAL,* Furthering American Business Interests—*PATRIOTISM, QUIETLY BORN,* In Adversity in Hong Kong—*FACE IS A SAVING GRACE,* Chinese Pride in Human Relations—*MY PERSONAL CONFUCIUS,* Portrait of Tang Shao-yi—*A POOLROOM IN CANTON,* Chinese Students returned from U.S.A. —*HONOR IN SIAM,* Honor Guest at Prince's Celebration — *SWIVEL-CHCAIR DIPLOMACY,* State Department vs. Foreign Service—*EAST MEETS WEST,* Greek Character—*ATHENA TO ME,* A Greek Girl and the Greek Pride of Intellect—*GOD IN MY OWN RIGHT,* As Immigration Officer in Athens—*SEVEN TO ONE,* Seven Servants to One Vice-Consul—*"P" IS FOR PROTOCOL,* Visit of U. S. Gunboat to Aden—*JOHN BULL'S LITTLE BOY,* Arabs Comment on Us—*FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR YALE—GOOD-BY AND GOOD-BY — BLUEPRINTS, TODAY AND TOMORROW,* designs for a Foreign Policy, and many others, but these suggest the great variety of interesting material in the book.

Our author says that Rudolph Valentino was his introduction to the Arab world, and when he found out that Sheik was pronounced "shake" not "sheek," Valentino was immediately robbed of one-third of his glamour. He says it is always a blow to a young man when he learns conclusively that women direct his life, and for him this realization was administered in the American colony of Hong Kong. And again, "It has always been a wonder to me," says Mr. Dunham, "that social anthropologists studying American mores waste their time wandering thousands of miles throughout the United States, taking one sample here, another one there, when all they would have to do is to visit a colony abroad and have the whole panorama—from sailors to bank presidents—set up in front of them. There are both light and serious

spots in this book, "Envoy Unextraordinary." The impression our nation makes abroad is important, because it determines the kind of relations we are going to have with foreign countries; and perhaps the core of this impression is the respect these other people have for us. I heartily recommend this little book, "Envoy Unextraordinary," by Donald Dunham.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

DR. BRADLEY has often said "Life must go on!" And so it seemed he was himself called upon to prove it all during Holy Week and especially throughout Easter Sunday. I had been struggling with the "Flu" and its train of lasting difficulties ever since Christmastime, until in the midst of Holy Week, with its extra activities, its noonday services at the Erlanger Theatre, and services every night in the week at the church, in addition to Doctor's having to write radio scripts and cut records for the broadcasts of the week following Easter, when he was to be in New York,—in the midst of all this he was told I must go to the hospital.

Holy Week services went on beautifully, with Dr. Bradley calling at the hospital every day and telephoning in between-times. Saturday night, as usual, Doctor prepared his services for Easter Sunday—four full-length services. He retired early, but at midnight he was aroused to hear the sad news that The Uptown Players Center had burned and was practically a total wreck. There was no more sleep that night—and then came Easter Sunday! And with it, news that a favorite cousin had died.

There never was a more beautiful Easter in the Peoples Church. 5,000 people attended services throughout the day. At the 11 o'clock service there were 2,000 people under the roof of the church, Anderson Hall being filled to overflowing in addition to the sanctuary itself. Flowers were the predominant note on Easter hats this year, and the church seemed to be a bower of flowers of every hue. Dr. Bradley, as he looked at the great audience in front of him said while all the hats were not beautiful, they certainly were colorful and that an inspiring sight was greeting him as he looked out over the vast audience. If his heart was heavy no one could have surmised it, for never did he express more gratitude for life itself than on Easter Sunday. So many spoke of the inspiration of that service that we have published both the prayer and the sermon in this issue that it may be preserved for all who wish it.

As I write this Mail Bag, our Uptown Players are searching the city for temporary quarters for the remaining productions of the season, and, more than that, they are planning and visualizing their new, modern center which is to be built on the site of the former building. Thus life goes on, and hope springs eternal, and out of decay comes new and greater growth. And it did seem as though every one in the church audience who knew of the difficulties

and tragedies back of that Easter Sunday was upholding Dr. Bradley's hands as he closed his services with the words —"There never was a more encouraging Easter Sunday."

Seventy-four new members were publicly received at the afternoon service and eighteen babies were christened. As Dr. Bradley closed the beautiful evening address on "Immortality" one who was present could not help but feel that truly it had been a glorious Easter. And now for our Mail Bag:—

* * *

This little note came at Eastertime from Billie McKean of Evanston, which I think you may enjoy reading:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—On the Sundays you take in new members, you always ask the congregation to greet them after the service and I also note at the bottom of your "Order of Service" the quotation "Here Let No One Be a Stranger." When overseas in World War I, I attended the Pont Street Scotch Presbyterian Church, London, and cut out this quotation from their Order of Service:

"If after kirk ye bide a wee, there's
some would like to speak to ye.
If after kirk ye rise and flee, we'll all
seem cold and stiff to ye.
That one that's in the seat wi' ye is
stranger here than ye, may be;
Add ye your soul unto our prayers; be
ye our angel unawares!"

We are grateful to Mr. McKean for the little quotation from London, for it preaches its own sweet sermon.

* * *

The next letter I take from the Mail Bag has such a peaceful thought in it that just to read it over seems like a benediction. In the present-day hustle and bustle of life we so seldom take time to be meditative that one sometimes longs for just such a "Toilers' Hour" as the writer tells about:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: My Norwegian ancestors paused every day at dusk for the 'Toilers' Hour'—too early in their thrifty ways to light any light, and too dark to carry on their duties. That time was spent in visiting, an evening smoke, meditating and showing respect to the day. After I stopped work and was married, my husband and I practiced it for years. We would watch the sun set and evening creep in, rest and talk over the day.

"This last year, we have been in Chicago, have dinner at a later hour instead of an early country supper. So now I pause for your evening chats (at six o'clock on WGN) and relay them later to my husband. I was interested in this Esperanto auxiliary language, and would like more information, please. We plan on a Sunday evening at church again soon. We listen every Sunday morning. Yours truly, Mrs. Basil Kinner."

Dr. Bradley appreciates the lovely thought that his radio chat is filling in for this couple their "Toilers' Hour" meditation. Wouldn't we all do well to have a little meditative, quiet time in our lives each day?

* * *

And now I come to a letter from a returned service man, who speaks of the helpfulness of one of Dr. Bradley's books. This direct testimonial about a book which was intended to be just that—helpful—is greatly appreciated by Dr. Bradley. The letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I can appreciate that a man in your position, as well known as you, must have plenty of letters to read without my adding another one, but I felt that it would do me good just to write to you.

"I have just finished reading your book, 'Mastering Fear,' which prompts

me to write this letter. I have had my own conceptions about fear and have experienced fear on many occasions, but I have not before had the real answer to solving the fear problem. I feel that the mere reading of your book has given me some of the answers to my own problems that I have been looking for.

"I am one of the many ex-servicemen who is having a time getting adjusted to civilian living. I spent three years and more in Europe during the great war just concluded and over four and one-half years in the uniform of my country. I rather expected that I would have some trouble getting adjusted but hoped it would take less time than six months. In my capacity as commanding officer of a company in the combat zone, I had no difficulty in making decisions and in backing up my decisions with action, but now as an honorable civilian I seem to be indecisive and many times don't know what to do next. Perhaps my present job, which is different from anything I have ever done before is the reason, but I feel now that it is not that, but myself alone. My real problems are few and my fancied problems are many.

"I feel that I shall be able to tackle my problems with renewed courage and faith. A message of inspiration and words of advice are often all that many of us need and your book has given them to me this afternoon. Sincerely, Howard A. Kellermann."

* * *

I think the loveliest thought I could leave with you at the close of this Mail Bag is one that Dr. Bradley expressed in the Easter Sunday night service when telling of how Job, though sorely afflicted, still praised and thanked God, so that out of the ashes of our afflictions, we rise to new heights of growth and strength—"and that is Easter!" Do keep writing—

AND-KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR MARCH, 1946

1—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Conference
Address. Abbott Hall, Northwestern University

3—Two Services Peoples Church
Radio Program. WGN

4—Radio Address. WGN

5—Radio Address. WGN
Conference with Dr. Beth
Address. Irving Pk. M.E. Church

6—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

7—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Uptown Lion's Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel
Cut records. ABC
Cut record. WGN

8—Radio Address (E.T.). WGN
Address. High School, Negaunee, Mich.
Address. High School, Marquette, Mich.

9—Meeting Normal School Board Com.

10—Two Services. Peoples Church
Memorial Service. Lt. Zimmerman
Radio Program

11—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Woman's Club. Peoples Church
Meeting. Chicago Public Library
Annual Meeting Peoples Church

12—Radio Address. WGN
Invocation. Am. Assn. School Admr.

Address. Palatine PTA, Palatine, Ill.

13—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Meeting Trustees. Peoples Church

14—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Food Products Club, Sherman Hotel
Cut record. WGN
Address. Ogden PTA, LaGrange, Ill.

15—Radio Address (E.T.). WGN
Address. E. Congre. Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

17—Two services. Peoples Church
Radio Program. WGN

18—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Sayre Elementary School

19—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Irving Park IOOF

20—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Church Meeting. All Officers

21—Radio Address. WGN

22—Radio Address. WGN
Luncheon V.L.&A. "54" Guests of honor
Address. Chamber of Com. Banquet, Hinsdale, Ill.

23—Address. Chicago Speakers Forum, Public Library

24—Two Services. Peoples Church
Radio Program. WGN

25—Radio Address. WGN
Cut record. WGN
Address. Progress Club, South Bend, Ind.

26—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Natl. Rest. Assn., Stevens Hotel
Address. Western Springs PTA

27—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

28—Radio Address. WGN

29—Radio Address. WGN
Address. 24th Annual Conv. I.W.L.A., Hotel LaSalle
Address. Banquet I.W.L.A., 24th Annual Convention

31—Two Services Peoples Church
Radio Program. WGN

WEDDINGS

1—Karl Petersen and Florence Lucas
Fred Langdon and Villa Rockstead
Dr. N. L. Kettlewell and Mrs. J. C. Tees
Norman Smit and Alice Black
Otto L. Strehlow and Gertrude A. Fraling
J. E. Thompson and Veronica Purcell
A. J. Klinker and Vera Ruth Brown

9—Wendell P. Herrick and Virginia M. Harshman

16—Andrew Christophersen and Florence D. Miller
Karl Schurr and Margaret Eck
Fred Buschmann and Alice Pilgrim

21—John Hritz and Betty Jilek

23—Herbert J. Werner and Helen Garland

23—Morgan McKinley Stenger and Marion Perkins
Dr. Charles Stephan Vil and Delores Joan Arquilla

24—Edward R. Smag and Margaret Irmachinske

30—Milton C. Neul and Gwendolyn Wilfong

CHRISTENINGS

3—David Hill Church, son of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Thomas Church

10—Reynold Michael Sachs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Erich Sachs

Christenings on Easter Sunday

21—Reid Allen Abernathy, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Abernathy

Suzanne Lynn Brosius, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brosius

Ronald Edward Berry,
Dennis Doyle Berry and
Kenneth James Berry, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Berry

Gloria Jean Ciancio and
Arthur Anthony Ciancio, children of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ciancio

Richard Lee Carey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Carey

Vernon Kenneth Cleveland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Cleveland (Adult)

Pamela Lea Davidson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Davidson

Peter Henry Dick and
Susan Elizabeth Dick, children of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dick

Frank Thomas Hallett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Alfred Hallett

Linda Lee Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Johnson

21—Bruce Leighty, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Leighty

A. Kendall Layden, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Kendall Layden

Marlen Giovanne Lutz and
Preston George Lutz, children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lutz

Carolyn Ann Nelson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester L. Nelson

Allan George Perreault, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Perreault

Don Henry Reid, son of Mr. and Mrs. Don Reid

Gail Lee Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson

Robert Anthony Silvestri, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pasquale Silvestri

Robert Lawrence Sparks, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Sparks

Gloria Diane Uggla, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Uggla

Marian Hegg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Svea Hegg (Adult)

24—Joy Ann Atwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Atwood

FUNERALS

6—Joseph D'Asaro
Henry Gallus
J. E. Replogle

10—Memorial service for Robert O. Zimmerman

19—William Sage

20—Mrs. M. M. Goldsmith

26—Thomas E. P. Pringle
George Griveau

28—Mrs. Charlotte Van Husen Warren

29—Arthur L. Cole

The following new members were publicly welcomed into the Peoples Church of Chicago on Easter Sunday:

Mr. Franklyn Adams
Miss Margaret Behers
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar D. Berry
Mrs. C. S. Blyth
Mrs. Kay Bossard
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brandau, Evanston, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brosius, Lyons, Ill.
Mrs. June Bulaw, Lincolnwood, Ill.

Mr. Frank Chylik
Miss Sylvia Chylik
Mr. Arthur Ciancio
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cook
Miss Jane M. D'Arcy, Niles, Ill. (from All Souls Church, Washington, D.C.)
Mr. A. Bertrand C. Drummond
Mr. and Mrs. Evan R. Essery, Maywood, Ill.
Miss Winifred Anne Essery, Maywood, Ill.
Mrs. Arthur S. Evelev (from Asbury First Methodist Church, Rochester, N.Y.)
Mrs. Olive Foy
Mrs. Isabel Hasse Garand, Barrington, Ill.
Miss Hilde Goldschmidt
Mrs. Caroline Grubb
Miss Charity J. Haseltine, Racine, Wis.
Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Hermann, Sheboygan, Wis.
Mr. Herbert G. Hoffman
Mrs. Gertrude Joeckel
Miss Marcia Joeckel
Mr. and Mrs. Carroll R. Jones
Mrs. Laura Kemler
Mrs. F. C. Klemp
Mrs. Marie Koppenhoefer
Mr. Charles Koppenhoefer
Mr. William Koeppenhoefer
Mrs. Hattie Emma Knop
Mrs. Mary Lamb, Ohio, Ill.
Miss Frances Lance
Miss Pearl E. Lang
Mrs. Ethel Lawton
Mr. Sigmund K. Lohn
Mrs. Dorothy Love (from the Christian Science Church)
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lutz
Mr. and Mrs. William Marsh
Mrs. Florence Myers
Miss Charlotte Monson, Skokie, Ill.
Mrs. Mabel McCloy (from Euclid Avenue Christian Church of Cleveland, Ohio)
Mrs. John McCoy
Mrs. Annie Nelson
Mrs. Lester L. Nelson (from Methodist Church of Hillsgrove, Ill.)
Mr. Lester L. Nelson (from Methodist Church of Avon, Ill.)
Miss Ruth Nielsen
Mrs. Elsa M. Nimtz
Mr. H. C. Ollendorf
Miss Joanne Plett
Mrs. Frances B. Quinlivan
Miss Muriel Rauland
Miss Thelma Reist
Mrs. Roy N. Rice
Mrs. Fred C. Rickert
Mr. and Mrs. John Spohr
Mrs. Samuel J. Stewart
Mr. Russell James Stewart
Miss Esther Stone (from Finnish Lutheran Church, Hancock, Mich.)
Mrs. Ben Weincord, Forest Park, Ill. (from Gary Memorial Methodist Church of Wheaton, Ill.)
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wiedemeyer
Mrs. E. O. Windsor, Michigan City, Ind.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

DR. BRADLEY ATTENDS MEETING OF UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL

AS one who was privileged the opportunity of attending the San Francisco Conference just a year ago now, and witnessing the beginning of the United Nations program, I was very grateful for the opportunity afforded me during the week of April 22, of seeing in operation the Security Council at Hunter's College, New York. It is composed of eleven members, the five powers having a permanent place on the council and eight nations rotating—which are elected by the General Assembly itself. Without doubt the Security Council and the Social and Economic Council will constitute the two most important organizations within the Charter. I was also fortunate in being present at the meeting of the Council in which the Iranian matter was the subject for discussion and later for a decision.

The members sit behind a large semicircular continuous desk with a microphone before each speaker, and directly in front of them sit the interpreters. The room in which the sessions are held is not large, but adequate. The lighting effect interested me, because when someone on the council is speaking, the Council itself is under a glow of increased lighting, and the moment the speaker is finished the lighting over the Security Council members is dimmed and the interpreters begin their arduous and, it seemed to me at times, almost miraculous task. What each speaker says is translated into English and French. If the speaker uses the English language, of course it is only translated into French, and in the same way, if the speaker uses the French language, it is translated into English; but the Russian spoken by Mr. Gromyko, who by the way speaks English but doesn't speak English at the Security Council meeting, and the Portuguese spoken by the Brazilian representative, were translated into English and French. The Chinese delegate, Dr. Quo, who impressed me very greatly, speaks a very fine English, and Dr. Lang, the Polish delegate, as well. The Netherlands delegate speaks English as though he had just stepped out of one of the ancient halls of Oxford University. But this experience of requiring translations consumes a great deal of time. The saddest face at that Security Council table was the face of the French ambassador, Henri Bonnet. It seemed to reflect the sorrow and the suffering, the problems and the turmoil of France. The most youthful, placid, immobile face at the table was the Russian representative, Mr. Gromyko. He is only 38, his hair is as black as midnight, his eyes are penetrating, dark, and of all the men at the table he was the most poised, displayed not one solitary emotion by manner or gesture. I sat only a few feet from him, and had an opportunity to study him for more than three hours, as I did all the other personalities who were there. I could have picked out Sir Alexander Cadogan in one glance, for in every detail he answers the perfect description of the British diplomat. Colonel Hodgson, Australian delegate, impressed me as one of the most vital personalities at the council table. The Mexican delegate, Senor de la Colina and the Brazilian delegate, Senor Velloso, had the traditional Latin spirit of vivacity, interest and enthusiasm. Mr. Stettinius has always evidenced very close attention and deep interest in everything which was said and done. Dr. Afifi, the delegate from Egypt,

presided as Chairman at this session. The chairmanship, as you know, will be occupied in rotation by the members.

It was obvious to me as soon as I entered the room and the proceedings started, that there was a strained and taut atmosphere at the meeting. The question which had been submitted by the French delegate in the form of a resolution was, that inasmuch as Russia and Iran had settled their differences for the moment, that the action of the Council should be one of creating a status quo, as though the Iranian question had never been brought before the Council. Before any discussion was had or any vote taken on that matter, the Russian delegate, Mr. Gromyko, had made his proposal and argument that the whole matter of the Soviet-Iranian relation should be removed from the Council. You will recall that a committee of experts had studied the matter as to whether the Iranian question belonged on the agenda or could be eliminated, and this committee had disagreed in exactly the same alignment as the Council itself had done, in turning the matter down later in the afternoon; that is, there were eight for keeping the matter on the agenda, and three of the experts were for removing it. Mr. Gromyko, in his discussion, had much to say about the significance of that disagreement, and brought out the idea that it was a political decision rather than one warranted by the facts. Mr. Gromyko spoke quietly and with great reserve. As the discussions continued and the voting grew nearer, it was plainly evident that with the possible exception of France and Poland, no one knew what Russia would do when the decision was made. Would Mr. Gromyko leave the Security Council? And I detected that even though every member of that Council knew what each individual was going to say, which position he was going to take on the Iranian question, every member also knew that no speech made that afternoon would change anyone's mind, for the decision had all been made previously; and yet not one of them, with the exception perhaps of those I have mentioned, knew what Mr. Gromyko finally would do. I watched him carefully when the vote was being taken; not a change in the expression of his face, not an indication of what was going on. The atmosphere was electric and tense. "We have three votes in favor and eight against," said the chairman, Dr. Afifi of Egypt. Immediately and quietly Mr. Gromyko said, and I quote him verbatim: "Mr. President: In connection with the results of the vote just taken, I wish to make a declaration." Every eye was turned on him. The proverbial pin, dropped anywhere, would have sounded like a hammer blow in that room. He continued: "In view of the agreement between the Soviet and Iranian governments on all the questions which were at issue between them, and in view of the withdrawal by the Iranian government of its appeal to the Security Council, the Soviet Union's Delegation considers that the decision of the Security Council to retain the Iranian question on its agenda is contrary to the Charter of the United Nations. The Soviet delegation therefore does not consider it possible to continue to take part in the discussions on the Iranian question in the Security Council." That's all he said. Everybody wondered would he now get up. Would he leave? He did not. Nothing more was said. The tension was over. And another crisis in the Security Council meetings was for the present averted.

By this vote of the Council the whole Russian-Iranian matter was kept on the agenda until May 6th. What will happen then?

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check..... for $1.50.
Money Order.....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....**State**.....

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street

Temporary Headquarters and School—
1642 N. Clark St. Tel. Whi. 4797

* * *

More than three years ago The Uptown Players were delighted to discover a building that filled all their needs. Now it would be possible to take care of all their work under one roof. Inspired by their enthusiasm, The Players, under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin, worked with untiring energy and zeal to make their Center eventually the beautifully decorated, fully equipped art and educational Center that aroused the interest of radio and press and won them an extensive audience of loyal followers. The Bradley-Griffin School of the Theatre was staffed by a large and capable faculty.

More than a year ago the building inspectors asked that certain changes be made to comply with their code. The Players voluntarily closed the building for one month to make the necessary alterations, and with their approval resumed all activities and their rapid growth became phenomenal.

When a fire broke out in the basement on Saturday eve, April 20th, the house was cleared in three minutes and the calm self-possession of the audience and the cool-headedness of The Players eliminated all confusion. They are eternally grateful that no one was even slightly injured.

The Uptown Players are continuing all their activities. Classes are conducted in temporary quarters and performances will go on with slight interruption. Information may be had at all times by calling Diversey 4400.

Plans are now being made to erect a modern, fireproof building on the property at 1219 N. LaSalle Street, designed to embrace all modern features.

We take this opportunity to thank all our patrons and followers for their loyalty and support. We feel that this temporary misfortune will mark the beginning of a new and even more successful era for The Uptown Players.

ROBERTA SLAGLE.

* * *

EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

8th Street and Wabash Avenue

Distinguished Gathering

By James Parrish

Opening Friday night, May 17, and every
Friday night *only* through May.

TICKETS $1.20 INCLUDING TAX

* * *

MAY SPOTLIGHT—An Evening with Shakespeare

in the Auditorium of The Peoples Church
Wednesday evening, May 15th, at 8:30

Dr. Preston Bradley in "A TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE"

The Players will do scenes from five of Shakespeare's great plays. All seats free.

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
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Ingersoll ,Harold
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Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
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Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
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Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt.
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
Miller, Richard B.
Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
Moran, Walter
Mostek, Raymond
Murphy, Robert J.
Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
Nelson, Harry G.
Nelson, Howard C.
Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
Palmer, Earl
Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
Plumley, Robert
Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
Quesnall, Arthur
*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
Schneller, James, Sgt.
Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
*Sexton, Walter Scott
Shoberg, J. Bryant
Shurman, Frank M.
Sipe, Clinton R.
Smith, Donald Seth
Smith, George John
Stippe, Robert C.
Strand, Philip R.
Strand, Richard P.
Sweet, Mary Louise
*Taylor, Alfred
Terry, Duane R.
Thomas, Theodore Gaillard
Thompson, Jean
Tilles, Marie
*Tinling, H. John
Toepfer, Arthur E.
Vespermann, Bruce W.
Victorin, James R.
Voigtritter, Carl W.
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Walker, Leslie J.
Walska, Charles
Walters, William James
Weeger, Robert
Wegner, Gerhard
Weinberg, Sidney
Wendland, Robert John
Wenger, William J.
Wentz, Howard, Cpl.
Wesche, Charles, Jr.
Wesche, Orville
White, George A.
*Widener, Virgil Drew
Wiederer, Elmer Michael
Wiggins, Robert H.
Wilkins, E. J.
Willeumier, Henry
Willeumier, Mary
Williams, Arthur J.
Williamson, W. Ross
Wilson, Andrew C.
Wood, Robert, Jr.
Wood, Thomas, Jr.
Woods, Daniel Jack
Woods, James W., Jr.
Woods, Tom Lee
Yarrington, Mary Alice
York, Carroll D., Cpt.
Yous, Donald, Cpt.

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SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (November through Easter)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.. 9:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
(November through Holy Week)..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday, Church Auditorium..... 7:30 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Regular meetings in Anderson Hall..... 1:00 p.m.
Wednesday, May 8th, Annual Spring Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley; Guest Artists, The Mifflin Sisters; Honored Guests: Mrs. E. E. Byerrum, Vice-Pres., I.F.W.C., and Mrs. George Aste, Pres., Chicago and Cook County Fed.; Mrs. Preston Bradley and Mr. J. Bradley-Griffin, Director of the Uptown Players. Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, retiring President, will preside. Mrs. Clyde Bassler, Program Chairman.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—
Meeting in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Sunday, May 19th, Presenting Spring Festival of Music by Swiss Male Chorus of 50 voices, with specialties by guest artists and the famous Swiss Yodelers, in the Auditorium of The Peoples Church at 8:00 p.m. Tickets, inc. tax., $1.20.

MEN'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 4th Monday of the month.. 8:00 p.m.
May meeting, May 27th.

USHER'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall
1st Tuesday of each month..... 8:00 p.m.
Wednesday evening, May 8th, Card Party and social evening in honor of members returned from military service. Families and friends of the ushers cordially invited. Prizes and refreshments.

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(See special schedule, page 22 this issue)

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WGN—Every Sunday—"Your Right to Say It"—
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